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PUDDINGSTONE CLUB
ANNUAL OUTING

COLONIAL COUNTRY CLUB

SALEM STREET, LYNNFIELD

(NEAR MONTROSE STATION)

*2250.2116

SATURDAY, JUNE 9th, 1923

FROM 11 A. M. TO 5 P. M.

RAIN OR SHINE

9466
2807

GET THIS!

SOMEONE said the other day that our screeds were too long. He didn't know how many words it takes to make this bunch understand anything, and you generally get it wrong at that. 'Tis n't 's if we were addressing the Intelligentsia. But we'll be as brief as possible, for we hate to write this stuff even more'n you hate to read it.

FIRST—Read and digest the front page. That ought to be plain enough. Then study the picture on the back. Get those in your minds, and remember that Salem Street is **not** in Salem, and that Lynnfield is **not** in Lynn. Sports who know Suntaug take notice that the place is about a mile and a half S. W. by W. from that joint.

GETTING THERE—If you come by auto, follow directions under the cut. Or, there's a train for Montrose, leaving No. Station at 11.15 A. M. (D. S.), which will get you there before noon. We want you all to come early. Fun and Sociability before lunch. If you own a car, fill it up. Ask members who haven't one, and bring as many as you can. Car-less members are authorized to tackle owners, and to keep at it until they get a free ride. We'll help all we can, but we can assume no responsibility on this. We tried it once. Never again!

THE PLACE—We are indebted to our plutocratic fellow-member, Addison L. Winship, for the use for one consecutive day of this glorified cow-farm, which he and other malefactors of great wealth are converting into a Country Club. It's a corking place all right. Twenty-odd rooms, completely furnished; a big, clean barn; acres and acres of terrain, with grand old trees, brooks and streams, woods and fields. And it's all ours for a whole day.

THE EATS—Same as last year. One of Miss Norton's old-fashioned, home-made layouts, the best food to be had in Greater Boston, delivered by special flivver express direct from the street of Joy. Liquids include coffee, milk and ice-cold Volstead-proof non-alcoholics, guaranteed not over one-half per cent. If that doesn't interest you, B. Y. O. We stand for law and order—officially.

THE SHOW—No pre-arranged, pre-digested program, but everyone who comes is invited to do something. Any kind of a stunt: A song, a speech, a dance, a recitation, a trick, or a game. If you can't do anything else, tell the best new story you have heard. Only, whatever you do, **bile it down!** And don't be sensitive! If your act is rotten, you'll find it out. But cheer up! Some one else will be worse. Let us know in advance what you can give us. Same as to guests.

AND THIS!

DRESS—This is to be a Hayseed Party. Easiest thing we know for you guys to impersonate Rubes. No make-ups needed—only the proper clothes. Every one who comes must dress the part; Yes, we know this is going to be a little trouble, but get off the notion that you come just to be entertained. Where d'you get that stuff, anyway? Do your part! We don't expect you to go and hire a costume (unless you want to), but get a pair of overalls, a linen duster, some old boots and an old straw hat, or any similar rig, do 'em up in a bundle, and bring 'em with you. Plenty of dressing rooms. Those who took in "Hobo Day" last year will remember how much fun the costumes made. They'll need no urging. Others will see what they missed. So hunt up some old duds, and look your worst. It may be better than your best.

THE PRICE—All this, including the swell eats, for just one plunk per. But we **must** have the plunks in advance. There's no margin on it, and we can't take chances. Send your plunks to Sam Hubbard, Boston City Club, and get 'em to him by Thursday noon, the 7th, at latest. We have to give Miss Norton the count then.

LOOSEN UP—The Grafter says we've got to make these Outings self-supporting. There's a lot of incidental expenses, so bring along some chicken-feed, and we'll invent ways to separate you from it. We need the money, but we'll furnish a **quid pro quo** in every case.

GUESTS—No limit. Everyone who gets this circular is invited and can bring as many guests as he puts up plunks for, but all must be Hayseeds. City duds will be run off the grounds. Remember, no dodging on this! Extra circulars if wanted, or we'll mail 'em as directed.

NOW GET BUSY! Don't leave it all to us, but take hold and push, and lets make this the Biggest, Busiest, Best Outing we've ever had—and one to carry. Never mind what the weather is. We do know enough to go in when it rains. Good roads all the way, plenty of room under cover, and some of our best outings have been on some of the worst days.

Yours for a Humdinger,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

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THE PLACE

In foreground, SALEM STREET, main highway Wakefield to Lynnfield. To the left Montrose Station, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile; Wakefield Centre, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. To the right Lynnfield Corners, on Newburyport Turnpike, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles. If you can't find us with this before you, keep right on to the big brick buildings on the hill at Danvers. You can qualify there.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

FUNDAMENTAL NIGHT

Wednesday, February 13, 1924

BOSTON CITY CLUB—6 p. m.

(Not 6.30, nor 6.15, but 6.00)

A thousand cults and a thousand creeds:
Is one a rose and the rest but weeds?
Or is each one fitted to meet some needs?
Is your own so great that the rest seem small?
Then keep it and live it—that's all!

—Edmund Vance Cook

During the past few months we have been asked many times: "Why don't you tackle Fundamentalism in the Puddingstone?" So here goes, and the consequences be on your own heads.

We ought to get some action on this. Pretty nearly every brand of salvation is represented in our membership, and while we do not expect anyone to be converted to anyone else's point of view, it may be worth while to hear what the other fellow believes and why he believes it.

This is not necessarily a controversial subject. We can respect one another's opinions even though we disagree. And after all is there anything like an open discussion to strengthen one's previous convictions? Let's put it this way:

WHAT ARE THE FUNDAMENTALS?

Let each one come prepared to answer that in a few minutes, If you're not called upon and you have something to say worth hearing, volunteer. Some of us will promise to listen.

Of course there's only one man who can handle a proposition like this. Yes, you've said it:

GEORGE COLEMAN

It's over two years since George has had a chance to referee a Puddingstone scrap. But he keeps his hand in at Ford Hall and Babson Institute, so a little affair like this will be just nuts for him; and if you don't get a fair hearing it will be your fault, not his.

Now we want you to turn out for this. That was a frost you put over on Allen last month. And a good man, too—worthy of better support than you gave him. No more weak alibis will be accepted. The second Wednesday in the month is **Puddingstone Night!** Have the Hon. Wife so understand it, and that it comes **first** on your engagement list. Is that too much to ask? If the old Club is worth belonging to, it's worth supporting by your presence—unless you have a mighty good excuse. We don't expect every member can come every time, but we do want at least a fifty per cent. show down. **Do your part!**

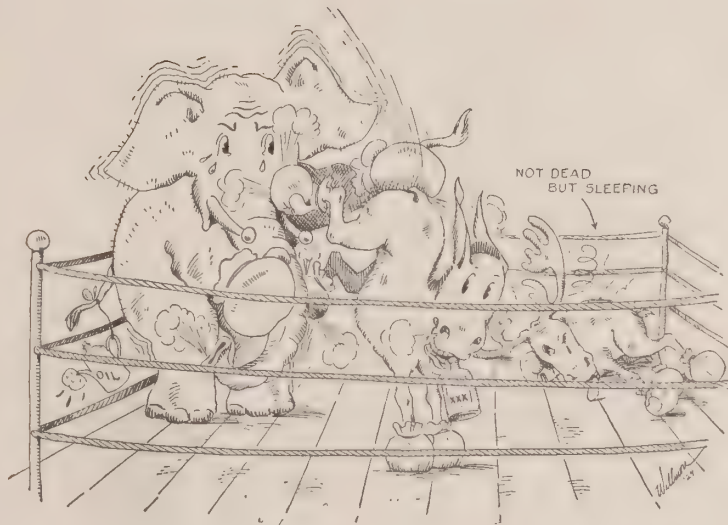
And bring a guest this time, too. That means **you**, not someone else. How about your pastor? Wouldn't it do him good to get these reactions? Perhaps we can shock him a little. Some of 'em need it. Bring someone, anyway. Let's break the record.

Yours, for the True Faith,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

Union Presidential Rump Convention



Colonial Golf and Country Club

Salem Street, Lynnfield

Saturday, June Fourteenth, 1924

From Twelve to Five O'clock

OH, BOY!

Having heretofore advised you that your Executive Committee (so called) would run the Outing this year, we disclaimed all responsibility for the result and warned you to be prepared for the worst.

Well, we humbly apologize to our distinguished confreres. We eat our words, and we sincerely regret that we cannot claim credit for some part at least of their daringly original and brilliant conception. We congratulate them heartily on their achievement while we marvel at their nerve.

For, verily, the mountain was in labor and has brought forth—triplets, to wit: an Elephant, a Donkey and a Bull Moose. To be sure the latter was an after thought, overlooked at first. Supposed to be still-born, it was later resuscitated and is now thriving, though—its chief nourishment being wind—it is a bit colicky. The Elephant, though somewhat wobbly, it nevertheless (as usual) monopolizing the maternal font to the exclusion of the poor Donkey, which, though bottle-fed, is (also as usual) very much alive and kicking, and as soon as he finds out which way he is headed, may yet be heard from.

These animiles will perform for your edification and instruction at the time and place hereinbefore indicated—per announcement of the Committee as follows:

Whereas the people of the United States are in a mental state of disturbance and uncertainty over the approaching Presidential election; and whereas nobody is disposed to do any work until the question is settled; and whereas what we want is normalcy and a lot of it; therefore be it resolved:

That the members of the Puddingstone Club as Delegates-at-large shall meet in the Town of Lynnfield, and than and there, in joint convention of the delegates of both parties, shall proceed to nominate candidates for the President of the United States, and subsequently to suspend the rules and elect one or more Presidents of the United States.

In the event of an election of two Presidents, the question as to which shall serve as President and which as Vice President shall be decided between them by the use of any weapons mutually agreed upon.

PARTICULARITIES

This locus is the same joint where we met last year and had such a good time, despite the weather. It has since been renovated, embellished and improved, presumably for our benefit, and is again offered by Banker Winship—one of the promoters—for our exclusive use for one consecutive day.

Full instructions for reaching it were given last year. Hunt up your circular. If you've lost it and fear that you can't find the place consult the Committee or the Secretary, or hire a guide.

Lunch (and a darn good one,too) will be served at one o'clock. Price, including both solids and liquids, only one bone. Never mind how we do it—that's the price. But remember, we have to know at least two or three days ahead how many we have to feed. The only way to know it is to get the money in advance. Promises don't count. So send your bones to

SAM HUBBARD, Boston City Club

on or before JUNE TENTH, sure! He will send you tickets as ordered. This is important and final. DON'T SLIP UP ON IT!

Guests welcome if open to conviction—not otherwise. Extract an extra bone or two and give a friend or two a good time. The more the merrier.

As the afternoon will be a busy one, the only real chance for sociability will be before lunch, so come early. An extra hour away won't hurt your business. It may help it.

Bring some small change. Legitimate campaign expenses have to be met. You'll get your money's worth, so loosen up!

And remember, RAIN OR SHINE! No change of date. Plenty of room in doors if stormy, so nothing short of an Arctic blizzard need feaze us.

Turn out and help save the country!

E PLURIBUS UNUM — and then some!

Yours for the U. S. A.

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary

ORGANIZATION

Committee of Arrangements

Samuel F. Hubbard, Chairman
Chas. A. Littlefield
Sam. A. Vanner
Victor J. Loring
Franklin T. Kurt
David J. Maloney
Carl Dreyfus
Wm. C. Crawford

Official Films

John K. Lacock
Holman Day

Decorations

John Nolen
Fred A. Stearns

Delegates Emeritus in Absentia

George M. Harmon
Albert E. Winship
Franklin T. Kurt

Committee on Investigation of Character of Candidates— with full power

Robie G. Frye
Charles E. Gibson

Intelligentsia; too good to vote, but would accept Embassies

William L. Gifford
John J. Mahoney
James P. Munroe
Frank G. Wren
Edward H. Chandler
Edward W. Pope

Republican Committee to Collect Funds for the Democrats

Harold Marshall
Frederick W. Hamilton
Joshua M. Dill

Democratic Committee to Collect Funds for the Republicans:

David A. Ellis
George W. Evans

Resolutions

Fred W. Rust, Chairman
Lee S. McColester
Walter A. Hawkins
W. E. Vandermark
William H. Sayward

Sergeant-at-Arms

Addison L. Winship

Marshalls

Edward F. Cullen, Chief Marshall
Wilbur S. Field, Chief Marshall
Fred E. Mann, Chief Marshall
Frank L. Locke, Chief Marshall
Lloyd B. Hayes, Chief Marshall
Fred H. Tucker, Chief Marshall

Republican Band

Leverett B. Merrill

Democratic Band

John Orth

Independent Band

Harry L. Harts

Really Musical Band

Elbridge W. Newton

Referee: Robert F. Raymond
Fruits of Victory: William A. Baldwin

At the close of the Convention Joe Chapple will
sing "Weep No More, My Lady."

'TENTION COMPANY!

Announcement Extraordinary

THE PUDDINGSTONE LADIES

PRESENT A

TWILIGHT OUTING

DE LUXE

IN EMILIE'S ORCHARD

Wednesday, June 10th, 1925

FROM 4 TO 10 P. M.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE

What! Women at a Puddingstone Outing? What do you know about that? Well, there has to be a first time for everything and this is it. And what's more, they're going to run it. For months past they've been holding meetings and making plans. First they were going to give us another Ladies' Night for the April meeting. But they wanted to do something new and original, so having heard what disreputable affairs our annual outings usually are, they asked to take charge of the affair this year, and put over a real stunt, just to show us how it ought to be done.

With the distinct understanding that this would not necessarily establish a precedent, we let 'em have their way, so it's up to you fellows to cut out the rough stuff and try to be real gents for once—be it ever so painful.

The Committee in charge of the affair comprises Minnie and Sallie and Mabel and Lill and Celia and Betty and Emilie and Gertrude and Mary and Winifred and Ella, so now you'll know just what to expect. Or, if you don't, come and find out.

We are not going to tell you what the program is, nor who's going to do what, nor which comes first, nor nuthin'; but there'll be

Something Doing Every Minute From 4 to 10

So you want to come early and not miss anything. Don't drag in just in time for the Eats, but be waiting for the gates to open, and get your money's worth. Speaking of the eats, we've heard enough to know that this particular feed is going to be the gastronomical event of the season, and of every other season in Puddingstone history. Eat a light breakfast and no lunch on that day, and show your appreciation of real food.

NOW READ WHAT FOLLOWS

and don't ask foolish questions. Commit it to memory, in case you lose this circular, and do as you're told, no matter what you think. The ladies are doing the thinking this time.

1. Every man who receives this announcement is invited, and each will be allowed one guest of the gentler sex (so called). Don't bring a man. If you can't find a lady, come alone and we'll try and find one for you. Men who want to bring two ladies and men who are not expecting to bring any may register in advance, and we'll try to match them up.

2. The price will be a dollar and a half, one dollar and fifty cents (\$1.50) for each and every one—**cash in advance**, and if you expect to eat we must have the money not later than by the first mail Monday morning, June 8th. Don't forget this! Plans must be made two days ahead, and the ladies **must** know how many to expect. Send your checks to

Mrs. WILLIAM F. BURDETT

195 Audubon Road, Boston, 17

and she will mail you tickets. It is going to be a big run for the money, so apply early and avoid disappointment.

HOW TO GET THERE

Emilie's Orchard is at "A Certain Cross Road" in that part of the town of Wellesley known as Wellesley Hills. The cross road is Longfellow Road and the road it crosses is Worcester Street. The Boston-Worcester trolley line passes the entrance. Longfellow Road is the stop. Automobile owners having spare seats will of course try to fill them up.

LOOK FOR THE PUDDINGSTONE FLAG

If you can't come please let Mrs. Burdett know as early as possible, so she can check up on the list. An answer is requested from every one who receives this invitation.

But we hope you **can** come, and that you **will** come. You'll be wel-come.

Yours, under orders,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

Incidentally, the locus referred to is the residence of our fellow-member, Victor J. Loring, Esq.

P. S. RAIN OR SHINE

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB
GRAND ANNUAL
OUTING AND FIELD DAY
SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1926

From 12 Noon — No Time Limit
To be held (by courtesy of Joyful Jarge and Jolly Roger) at

Babson Park, Wellesley Hills

Perpetrated by a Special Committee of Kute Kids, comprising Messrs. Jenkins, Richardson, Rust, Howard, Johnson and Morgan, abetted and assisted by the entire Puddingstone *Ensemble*.

THE PROGRAM

12 to 1—THE SIDE SHOWS

Under the Direct Supervision and Direction of the World's most Indelicate Impresario, Johannes Jocundus Morgan. Don't miss these Events! Come early and take 'em all in. Bring your Shock Absorbers. Morgan at his Worst! Need we say more?

And Remember, Gents, the Little Show is Entirely Over before the Big Show Commences.

1 to 2—THE EATS

We won't enlarge on this feature. You'll do that. Real Food — plenty of it, such as it is, and pretty good what there is of it. Your weight taken before and after. If you fail to gain 5 lbs. within the hour, we'll refund your money or try forcible feeding.

PAUSE FOR PEPSIN PILLS

2 to 4 — THE REAL SHOW

Grand Forensic Carnival and Homilectic Tournament
VOCAL ATHLETICS AND ORAL GYMNASTICS
SULPHURIC SOLILOQUIES

This promises to be the greatest Catch-as-catch-can Word-slinging Match ever pulled off — even by the Puddingstone Playboys. We can't enumerate half the features now in painful preparation. (If we did, you wouldn't come.) But just to mention a few of the least objectionable:

THE TWO HEAVYWEIGHT LOOSE-JAWS

BATTLING BILL CRAWFORD, THE DIRIGO DODGER
and

DOUBLE-ELL-D. MCCARTHY, THE TERRIBLE TURK
in their Sanguinary Symposium

“THE STATE O' MAINE vs. THE IRISH FREE STATE”

The Ecclesiastical Exegetists

CUMMINGS AND AYERS

in their Concatenated Consarcinations

THE TWO BILLS

FITZGERALD AND GIFFORD

The Gurgling Gladiators, in their Side-Splitting Scurrillities: “Score One for Bill”

O'Brien's Pet and Boston's Pride

THE ONLY EDDIE WHITING
of the Versatile Verbiage, in his inaudible monologue
“THE CAPE COD CLAM”

NOTE. In between and all through the Show the Sub-Intellectual Marathon will be run. Qualified entries to date include: Bumpus, Coleman, Head, Mahoney, Marshall, Raymond, Lacock, Burrill, Doten, Humphrey, Stearns, Gibson and Littlefield.

Special Prizes to be awarded by Popular Vote for the most Asinine Aberrations

The Betting as we go to Press is 5 to 2 on Littlefield

EXTRA No. 1—By Special Request

GEORGE S. SMITH

in his World-Famous Didactic Dissertation

“WHY THINK? BUNK'S CHEAP”

EXTRA No. 2—Under Protest

JACK MINOT, THE LITERARY LIZARD

769th Performance (special souvenirs)

“BALDERDASH ON BOOKS”

Concluding (praise be) with

THE POETS' FREE FOR ALL

Introducing for the nth time on any stage:

WATERMAN and MCCARTHY, DOLE and RICHARDSON, the TWO ALLENS and
Volunteers guaranteed to be no worse.

AFTER 4 P. M.

Personally Conducted Trip through the Wonders of Babson Park, visiting the Bird Sanctuary, the Aerial Aquarium, the Lover's Walk, the Statistical Swamp, et settery, et settery.

NOW FOR BUSINESS. One-fifty Admits to All. But it's ablatively and posolutely
CASH IN ADVANCE.

GET THAT and LET IT SINK IN!

No exceptions. We're taking no chances.

Send your checks (or, better, cash) with address for mailing tickets, not later than **Thursday, June 3d**, to

FRED W. RUST, 1000 Washington Street, Boston

Guest Privilege Unlimited, so bring 'em along. But REMEMBER, Dinners will be Provided only up to number of tickets actually sold June 3d, so don't blame anyone but yourself if you or your guests go hungry.

HOW TO GET THERE

By Auto — Washington Street to Abbott Road. Turn to the left and follow your nose

By Trolley — To Wellesley Hills Square } Bus to { If no Bus there,

By Train — To Wellesley Hills Station } Babson Park. { the walking's good

Now Get Busy, Come Early and Bring Your Friends.

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.



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FRED W. RUST, 1000 Washington Street, Boston

Guest Privilege Unlimited, so bring ’em along. But REMEMBER, Dinners will be Provided only up to number of tickets actually sold June 3d, so don’t blame anyone but yourself if you or your guests go hungry.

HOW TO GET THERE

By Auto — Washington Street to Abbott Road. Turn to the left and follow your nose

By Trolley — To Wellesley Hills Square { Bus to { If no Bus there,

By Train — To Wellesley Hills Station { Babson Park. { the walking’s good

Now Get Busy, Come Early and Bring Your Friends.

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

APRIL HOPES

Double - Extra - Special
Announcement Extraordinary

LAST MEETING OF THE SEASON

SEE WITHIN

To All to Whom these Presents may Come, Greeting:

Our more-or-less esteemed fellow-member, Mr. WALTER A. HAWKINS, Office-Boy-in-Chief of the Jordan Marsh Company (of Boston) requests the pleasure (such as it is) of your company in the back-room of his boss's shop, known as "The Annex" at six by the clock, on

WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 14, 1926

All Puddingstoners in good standing (if any such there be) and all Probationers not disqualified by reason of *known* "moral turpitude" are cordially invited to join in this Grand Spring Festival.

As Brother Hawkins absolutely refuses to allow us to pay for any part of the entertainment to be provided, we anticipate an unprecedented attendance of the alleged Literati, Dilettanti, Cognoscenti and Illuminati who (or which) constitute the irreducible minimum of our present membership. Those who cannot qualify under either of these categories will be admitted as "also rans."

A genuine old-time ante-Volstead Free Lunch will be served, washed down with "Jordan Marsh Spirit," and notice is hereby given that Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Marsh will "dish up" promptly at 6.15; so be on time, as retroactive courses are barred.

N. B. Do not bring (nor take) knife, fork and spoon.

After Walt gets through showing us his Pet Personnel Plant and bragging about it, there *may* be a SHOW. But that's in the lap of the Gods. We guarantee nothing, except that there will be no speech-making. If any member can contribute one or more strictly high-class refined vaudeville stunts, will he please notify the Secretary in advance, and if his act gets by the Board of Censureship (which is still functioning, though feebly) he may be given an opportunity.

The guest privilege is of course suspended for this occasion, as not even the Jordan Marsh advertising appropriation could stand the gaff otherwise. But if any member can bring any real "talent" for the Olio, special exceptions may be made on appeal to the host. All who receive this announcement may consider themselves invited, but no proxies will be accepted.

Of course, HAWKINS will be Master of Ceremonies. That goes without saying, since it is what he's giving this party for. Incidentally, may we say that we consider the Free Blow part of it a dangerous precedent, and we sincerely trust no other member will repeat the offense — unless he insists, and then only on due notice to the Secretary in advance?

Now, fellers, be SURE and send the reply postal, and as early as possible. This is not simply important — it's imperative! DON'T slip up on it! If we could put it stronger, we would, so hereof FAIL NOT!

Yours, for a Change at any Cost,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

P. S. We are officially authorized to state that the rumor that the Jordan Marsh establishment is owned and operated by the Raymond Syndicate is without foundation.



PUDDINGSTONE CLUB
SLOPOVER NIGHT

BOSTON CITY CLUB
Wednesday Evening, November 10, 1926
at a little BEFORE Six (so's to be sure)

"Ye crags and peaks (mostly crags) we're with ye once again!"

Sorry to have missed even one meeting, bad as it was from all accounts. But for heving's sake, don't blame Rust. You see he didn't know Littlefield.

'Course, it wouldn't have happened if we'd been on the job. Charlie's been maneuvering for the chair for the past three years, ever since (while we weren't looking) he sneaked under the tent and got in among his betters.

Well, never mind. Just charge that meeting off to profit and loss. Forget it (if you can) and let's start fresh. Thanks be, there were guests, who, we understand, *almost* saved the day.

So now, just to show there are no hard feelings and that we appreciate his services in spite of his mistake, we present as the headliner.

FRED W. RUST

Not Frederick — just *plain* Fred. But he can't help that. He was born that way. It was the night of the Great Blizzard — you remember. Nuf sed. That accounts for it.

Rust is the Grand Panjandrum and Highcockalorum of the RUSTCRAFT PUBLISHERS, INK. (mostly red and green), the concern that grinds out "Greeting Cards," so called — Christmas, New Year's, Easter, Birthday, Betrothal, Wedding, Natal, — any excuse for sticking you a quarter for a two-cent card with a "sentiment" (save the mark!) on it. Most of 'em have poetry (sic) on 'em. Stuff like this, f'rinstance:

To a Bachelor Chum on his Betrothal

Congratulations now are due,
But how can we congratulate *you*,
When we don't know your fiancée?
And how can we congratulate *her*
When we *do* know *you*? Excuse us, sir,
But we're up against it *either* way!

Some of 'em are even worse'n that. Honest! But they put some posies round the verse and print 'em in funny type so they're rather hard to read, which kind o' takes the curse off. Folks like 'em 'cause it saves 'em from thinking. That's where the CRAFT comes in, see?

Well, the fact is, they're getting awful hard up for copy stuff, with the Holidays coming on and orders piling up. So we've got to help 'em out. Show the true Puddingstone spirit, throw a fit and pull off a "sentiment." Make it lurid. The market'll stand for anything. The worse the better. They eat 'em up. If you afraid you can't come up to the standard, get a few samples from Fred (ninety off to our members) and you'll feel easy about it. You *can't* do worse than some they charge real money for.

Make 'em to fit any event. Fake the event if you have to. You may make a hit with Fred. He'll pay well for any he can use. Money's no object. It's all profit. Free verse goes on this, and be d—d to Dinnie! Or even prose. Be as personal as you like. Plenty of marks in the Club. John Morgan's just crying for a real gusher dedicated to him. And there are others. Special booby prizes for any which show real thought.

Now get busy and make this a real Slopover Night. Come across, fellers! Every member *must* contribute at least one whether present at the meeting or not. So send 'em along. But don't stop at one. The field's unlimited. Give us two or three — half a dozen if your pap holds out.

All up for Rustcraft Rust!

Yours for the Real Drivel,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

L'AUDACE! L'AUDACE!! TOUJOURS L'AUDACE!!!

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB
SICKEMBOB NIGHT

IN THE CAVE OF THE
Boston Architectural Club
16 SOMERSET STREET

First Door (next to the Archway) beyond Ashburton Place, Going down the Hill from the City Club, on the Same Side, toward Howard Street.
Now, darn ye, call us up and ask us where 'tis.

Wednesday Evening, Dec. 14, 1927
AT SIXTY MINUTES PAST FIVE

We think we have at last found the place for this gang to meet. Plenty big enough, yet not too big. Convenient location. Lots of "Atmosphere." Lofty enough so that the smoke from the stalagmites below will be lost among the stalactites above. Comesee, and say how you like it.

DOUBLE EXTRA SPECIAL

Positively for One Night Only. No Repeats. No Rain Checks. Booked at Enormous Expense, the Only Original Genuine Non-partisan Independent More-or-less-Honorable.

ROBERT M. WASHBURN

The Paradoxically Penniless Plutocrat and Rip-roaring Republicrat. The Only One of His Kind (thanks be!) in Captivity. An Absolutely New Species, not yet Classified. Answers to the Name of "Bob". Harmless if not Crossed. Kind and Gentle if Given his Head, but will NOT stand the Curb.

The Original Discoverer (posthumously) of T. R., and Founder, Perpetual President, Secretary, Treasurer and Total Membership (except on special occasions) of Boston's Most Famous Politico-Socialogico-Radical-Conservative Aggregation—the Roosevelt Club.

Unofficial Biographer and Sometime Admirer (with reservations) of Cautious Cal. Unpaid Assistant Sub-editor Herald Mail Bag Colyum and Overpaid Exclusive Conductor Transcript Wind Bag ditto.

Challenger of Any and All Political Parties to either Endorse or Repudiate the XVIIIth Amendment. No takers to date.

Favorite Locus—The Limelight
" Sport—Chewing the Rag
" Aspiration—An Audience (from one up)
" Hero—William E. Borah

Special Antipathies—(a) Hypocrisy; (b) Bunk

Motto—Come Up and Put Up or Back Up and Shut Up!

And take it from us: Washburn is well worth hearing—ONCE.

Presiding on this occasion (excuse us fellers, we had to do it, but never again, we promise) Bostons Greatest Ex-. Open to anything any time and still hopeful.

hon. charles I. burrill

Now gents, bring your little hammers and come prepared to put some posers. But remember, Bob is h— on the repatee, so look out for a come-back.

Send your reply card without fail. We have to make a close guess this time. Bring a guest and have him Washburnized.

Yours for Variety at Any Cost,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

N. B. We Eat at Sixty Minutes of Seven.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB
SILVER ANNIVERSARY

AGAIN AT THE
BOSTON ARCHITECTURAL CLUB
16 SOMERSET STREET

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 11, 1928

AT  **6 O'CLOCK**

SECRETARY'S MINUTES OF LAST MEETING

All records broken! SEVENTY SEVEN (Count 'em) met in the Architects' Cavern on the night of December 14th, 1927, and waited more or less (mostly less) patiently for the arrival of the late (you said it, Charlie) Hon. Robert M. Washburn.

For the first hour they thought it was just another Puddingstone hoax, and we admit it did look that way. Billie Fitz ran amuck and tried to stampede the show. Charlie Burrill was sweating blood, but he kept his head and made good at last. The distinguished (if somewhat temperamental) guest appeared just before 8, and in a "few well-chosen words" (speaking paregorically) he told us the story of his sweet young life, with a brief synopsis of the Washburnian theory of the cosmography of the universe on the side, and then some.

Don't blame us if he was short on terminal facilities. Our responsibility ended when we delivered the goods. It isn't every orator who can get away with a twenty-minute speech in two hours, so give the devil his due. We thank him for coming and for stopping when he did.

Requiescat, Robertus. Valeat quantum valere potest.

Well, everybody seemed to like the *place* anyway, so we're going to try it again. It seems to fit the Puddingstone, so we'll see if we can't make the Puddingstone fit IT.

And now for the next spasm.

Nobody seems to know just how old the Puddingstone Club is. Its beginnings are shrouded in the mists of antiquity. No records of the early meetings were kept, and even Winship, who started the trouble, can't place the date of his indiscretion. But the poem by James Ball Naylor of Ohio, "Fellers that I'd Like to Meet," which was the original *casus belli*, was printed in The Journal of Education in December, 1902. Tradition has it that some time later in that winter Naylor came to Boston, and Winship invited some of the "Fellers" he'd mentioned and a few others to meet him. (Now don't lay that up against Winship. He meant well, no doubt). Anyhow, they met, and the mischief was done. So it's probably safe to say that we will be twenty-five years old some time in 1928, and in spite of everything it seems almost worth while to celebrate it. Hence this SILVER ANNIVERSARY.

The exact date is not important. This is not a historical society. "Hysterical" might come nearer to it, but let that pass.

Only two or three of the very first Puddingstoners are left now, but fortunately one of the original culprits (or victims, if you prefer) and one of the very "Fellers" Naylor wanted to meet, still survives in all his pristine vigor—that old long-maned, dock-tailed, battle-scarred war horse,

WATERMAN

The same old Nixon, with the same old smile, and the same old batch o' pomes in his inside pocket. He'll tell us all about the "good old times" when there were real brains in the Puddingstone membership. Everybody come and bring him "A Rose to the Living."

McCarthy will be there to keep him from getting *too* chesty, but this is going to be Nixon's Night, and he'll be given *carte blanche* and one to carry.

The program will take the form of a

Grand Revue—The Follies of Twenty-five Years

With all the Old Favorites in the Cast

Don't miss it! Come if you never come again!

And everybody bring a guest—two if you can, and give 'em a real treat. Bring any old-time photographs, poems, etc., you may have.

Yours for Auld Lang Syne,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

If you were not there last time and think you can't find the Architectural Club, come to the City Club at 5.45 sharp, and we'll furnish a guide.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

Annual Outing and Field Day

at Thurberville-on-the-Salt Crick

near Humarock Beach, Sea View, Marshfield, Mass.

ALL DAY LONG

Saturday, June 9th, 1928

DON'T MISS IT!

ALL ABOUT IT

Hon. Charles Herbert Thurber (sometime Ph. D.) though he claims to be a charter member of the Puddingstone Club, has long been a backslider from the fold. Threatened with ex-communication, he showed up at our last meeting in a penitent mood and, in a belated attempt to square himself, invited the whole bunch to a free feed and show at his farm down on the South Shore. He evidently thinks that by emulating the example of those notorious high-jackers, Carl Dreyfus and Walter A. Hawkins, he can win back to the inner shrine of Puddingstone favor.

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN

We'll try his clams, sample his vintages, see what he puts up in the way of a show, and refer his case to the Council for consideration in executive session. He may get by, but he'd better not count on it. Money is a handicap in Puddingstone circles, and we might as well show some of these trust maggots just where they get off. Of course he's sure of an audience 'cause he's inviting all the Ginn partners (count 'em — 57 — count 'em) but if he thinks the poor poets and parsons, painters and pedagogues, and all the rest of the self-respecting indigents who constitute the rank and file (mostly rank) of the Puddingstone Club are going to be cowed (or bulled) by any high hat display, Charlie's got another guess coming. We may be poor, but we're not ashamed of it, and we don't play no second fiddle to nobody.

THE COMMITTEE

Of course we had to put Thurber on, he being the host, but with Herb Jenkins and Guy Richardson as joint Chairmen, and Bill Burdett, Jimmie Howard, and Johnnie Morgan as coadjutor hell-raisers, Thurber can't do very much bean-spilling at the worst.

THE EATS

Clams — nice fresh juicy bivalves, right from the mud — will be the pieces of resistance. But as some can't eat 'em and others won't, there'll be real food on the side in great variety, with plenty to drink (of a sort) and the usual cold vittles in assorted flavors to top off with. No caterer's stuff, but real home chow.

THE SHOW

Will probably be pretty bad, but we're used to that. That noted all-round athlete, Bill Burdett, will have charge of the sports and games. Guy Richardson will run the olio, which, if they don't go back on us, will include Coleman, in his great Chink act, Crawford as Daniel Webster, Snow, Brown, and others. Concluding with a **Grand Pre-convention Political Symposium**, with Fitzgerald and Head, Spencer, Whiting, Burrill and Johnson to tell us what is to happen at Houston and Kansas City.

Before, during and after which there may be **Music**, if the musicians make good.

NOW GET THIS AND REMEMBER IT

Trains on the South Shore Branch run only every other day, so transportation to and from the Picnic Grounds will be by motor. Nowadays only those who can't afford it own cars. Those who can don't. So the bankrupts will have to transport the solvent. As most Puddingstoners are in the Micawber class, there are plenty of cars, but it's the devil-and-all to establish a liaison between the haves and the haven'ts. We know 'cause we've tried it before. So (darn ye!) co-operate! Read these orders and FOLLOW 'em.

First — Everybody who receives this announcement from the Secretary, whether a member or not, is invited — free gratis for nothing on Thurber. He insists on this, though we told him it was against our principles. But, sensing our natural modesty, he's afraid we won't invite guests if we can't pay for 'em, so, as we want a big attendance we've arranged it this way. Bring as many guests as you like (the more the better) at seventy-five cents per — all receipts from this source to go into the contingent fund. (Kurt's vacation.) So you can bring two guests at the usual price of one. Make the most of it and invite some friends, even if you lose 'em as a result.

Second — Owners of cars mail reply card at earliest possible moment, stating how many seats they can provide, and at what time and from what point they will start. Ride-wanters advise early on blank furnished how many seats they want for selves and guests. This information will be exchanged between the two groups, and it's up to each man to roll his own. This is the best we can do. It will work if all co-operate. But responses must be early. Don't put it off till the last day or two. You know just as well a week ahead. For once in the year don't let business interfere with pleasure.

And above all, understand that Thurber **MUST** know how many to provide for on the feed. Think how he'd feel if the grub gave out before we had even loosened our belts. And if he provides too much, he'll have to tend the roadside stand at the farm gate all day Sunday to unload the surplus. So be decent, even if it hurts, and show some sense of responsibility to your host.

RAIN OR SHINE

Thurber has the finest barn auditorium in the State, so everything will be pulled off — weather or no.

And remember, this is to be an All Day Affair. It's an hour and a half run at reasonable speed, so get an early start—not later than 10 A. M., earlier if possible. Lunch at one, but the real sport will be before the eats, the way we used to have it; so get up an hour earlier that day, and gain that much at the start. Cut out the last minute stuff!

And don't be in a hurry to rush off too early. It's good daylight till 9 o'clock and if we stick around long enough, Thurber may invite us to supper. Let's get our money's worth.

Yours for a Large Day,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

But not running the show, so consult the Committee for particulars.

P.S. Richardson's 'phones are Regent 6100 and Jamaica 1119-M. - Bother him all you can. He likes it.

*43 at lunch
a wof day, with leaves
lent ago to friends
and fine program.*

HOW TO GET THERE

(Route 3A most of the way)

We assume you know way to Quincy. Thence take Quincy Point road across Fore River bridge, passing ship yards and new Edison plant on right. Then straight ahead through the Weymouths and Hingham, turning right at top of hill beyond Hingham onto shore road to Plymouth. Cross R.R. at Nantasket Junction Station, and short distance beyond turn left onto road through Cohasset and the Scituates. At fork between North Scituate and Egypt bear right. Straight ahead to Greenbush. After passing pond on right at Greenbush turn left onto road leading to bridge over North River. At top of hill after crossing bridge, turn left and follow road passing Marshfield Hills station, (short distance on left) to Sea View station on right. At fork just beyond Sea View bear left. At next fork, short distance beyond, bear left. Take second left turn beyond this fork into Thurberville. Watch for Puddingstone flag.

FURNISH YOUR OWN GAS

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

Hoover-Smith Night

BOSTON CITY CLUB

Wednesday, October 10th, 1928

AT SIX P. M.

Greetings to All from Old Nantucket! Back next week.

Well, here's where we start on our second quarter century, and we hereby serve notice that we're going to throw up the job before it's over.

Now we know and you know that whatever the subject on this occasion, the discussion is sure to take a political turn. That's all you can think of now, so go to it and get it off your chests.

The paramount issues of the campaign are clearly defined, as follows:

NATIONAL

Do you want to see Mrs. Al Smith in the White House?

Does Hoover's Quakerism disqualify him?

As between Tammany and the Ohio-Pennsylvania Gang, how can Hobson choose?

Should Anti-Volstead Republicans be consistent and vote for Al as the Wet Hope? If not, why not?

STATE

Is Massachusetts a Doubtful State?

Can Dave Walsh be licked?

Should loyal party men stand for the Unspeakable Cook, or bolt the ticket?

Ain't there a job SOMEWHERE for Charlie Burrill?

Please confine your remarks to these issues.

In the chair, that notorious non-partisan, the One and Only

WHITING

His first offense. Treat him rough.

Some Hot Stuff anticipated, so get in the game.

Yours for the Party, right or wrong,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

(We find we're all out of reply postals and there isn't time to get a new lot printed. So gamble a cent of your own for once, and send us word at 103 Water Street, Boston, whether you're coming or not and whether bringing a guest).

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

CHRISTMAS

(PEACE ON EARTH)

BOSTON CITY CLUB
Wednesday Evening, Dec. 12, 1928
AT SIX O'CLOCK SHARP

Five years ago on this very date, Dec 12th, we had a Christmas Night. Do you remember it? It was a great night. Dear old John Barker presided, and the Christmas Spirit was very much in evidence. Let's try it again.

Here's a subject of which the more we talk the more there is to say. And especially just now in this year of our Lord. Do we really believe in Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men? ALL men? Do the Kellogg Peace Pacts mean anything? Having outlawed war, are we still to go on piling up armaments?

Well, some men, even some Puddingstoners, think so, strange to say. And they'll be given a chance to present their side of the case. So let the Big Navy advocates come "prepared." This is not a packed meeting. Every one who has anything to offer will be given a hearing.

EXTRA SPECIAL

Our good friend, **EDWIN D. MEAD**, who has long been suspected of a leaning toward peace on earth, will start the ball rolling. Keep it going or try and block it, as you will. It's up to you. But come anyway, and hear both sides. It won't hurt you, and you may learn something. We still have hopes.

In the chair — his official debut as a Puddingstone toastmaster — one of our newer members, a live wire and a man with a real brain (some novelty in this bunch) writer, lecturer and all-around good fellow, ex- (by his own act) Professor

ROLLO W. BROWN

Come and give him a royal welcome to the Distinguished Order of Puddingstone Presiders.

USE YOUR GUEST PRIVILEGE! Make one of your friends a real Christmas present of a square meal and an enjoyable evening — a big run for the money.

Yours for Peace if We Have to Fight for it,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

1929

BOSTON CITY CLUB

Wednesday Evening, January Ninth

At SIX O'Clock

Happy New Year to all.

How can we make it so?

"Prosperity" is all right as far as it goes, but it is not the be-all and end-all — otherwise known as the Whole Cheese. Unless, until and only as we can make it the foundation upon which to build a finer and better structure than we have heretofore known, how can we show that we are worthy of it?

What are our obligations, local, national and international? And how are we meeting them? How do we stand with the world? How can we back up our great President-elect in carrying out the noble aspirations to which he has given expression?

Does this sound pretty serious? Well, it's just a few ideas suggested by a talk at lunch the other day with that sterling old Puddingstoner

HERMON CARY BUMPUS, Sc. D., LL. D., Ph. D.

who spends most of his time nowadays chasing all over the world helping other people to put over worth-while projects.

He admits that he was a heluva college president, so he chucked the job and went on his own. As a booster for other folks he's as bad if not wuss'n that other confirmed old butter-in, Doc. Winship; and as an adviser on How-Not-To-Do-It he holds all the medals.

When he opened up on us the other day we told him he'd got to come back to the Puddingstone and give us a few of his red-hot thoughts. Said he couldn't, but we wouldn't take no for an answer, so he has cancelled a dozen engagements and, barring unforeseen emergencies, he will positively appear in person on the day and date above written. It's now over three years since he has occupied the chair, and during all that time he has been thinking those big thinks of hisn just for our benefit when his next chance came to unload on us.

Now, fellers, show your appreciation by turning out *en masse*, with one to carry, and giving the old war horse a rousing reception. Likewise, bring a guest and treat him to a Bump from Bumpus!

Yours for a forward-looking night,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

LINCOLN NIGHT

Boston City Club

Wednesday Evening, Feb. 13, 1929

AT SIX

For many, many years our February meeting was always "Lincoln Night". Seven years ago, most of our members having told us all they knew about Lincoln and a little more, we feared the subject might possibly become a trifle hackneyed, not to say threadbare, so we switched.

Since that time we have had many new books about Lincoln, notably those by Charnwood, Beveridge, Barton and Sandberg, as well as magazine articles galore, containing a great mass of new material presented from widely varying viewpoints—not to mention the *Atlantic Monthly's* recent publication of the Minor manuscripts, with the resulting controversy over their authenticity.

All this has roused fresh interest in Lincoln and in Lincolniana generally, and given a new stimulus to the study of the man and his career from the cradle to the grave. It seems opportune, therefore, for us to resume our former custom and devote another evening to this always old yet ever new subject.

JAMES MARSHALL HEAD

late of Nashville, being our only Southern member, and it being the immemorial Puddingstone custom to name as toastmaster the member least qualified to present or discuss the subject assigned for the occasion, was long ago unanimously elected (by Nat, of cherished memory) to preside on Lincoln night. And, as so often happens under our system, it proved a wise choice; for strange to say, Jim made good.

However erratic he may be on politics generally (and as a political economist old Tennessee Jim is a prince of hosts at possum dinners) he's absolutely sound on the subject of Lincoln. None more so. Of course we all know his weakness, and we make allowances for it. He *will* try to be just a little more eloquent than he knows how to be, but if we just call him down when he pulls out the tremolo stop and get him back onto the *vox humana*, he's really not so bad—as Puddingstoners go. Think of Harold Marshall, f'rinstance. Talk about your sob sisters! (Come again, Harold. We love to weep.)

So we've picked Jim for the Lincoln revival. It's a long, long time since he's held the chair, and he's been champing at the bit for years. Bring anything you can about Lincoln. Read up and get posted to date. And bring some guy who really does know something about Lincoln. We have a few, but we want a lot more. Help us out.

Yours for the best Lincoln Night ever,

WILLIAM F. MACY, *Secretary*

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB TRAFFIC

Boston City Club

Wednesday Evening, March 13, 1929

AT SIX P. M.

Yes, we put in that scare head to attract attention.

'Cause why? 'Cause we consider this the most important question of the day, and it's high time the Puddingstone Club got together and settled it once and for all — the way we've settled so many other questions. Didn't we carry the state for Al Smith, f'rinstance, just because the Hoover men fell down? But we can't settle this question unless everybody comes and takes a hand (or a mouth) in the discussion. Only by the combined wisdom of all the nuts on the tree can we turn the trick, so if it isn't settled by the time this meeting is over, it will be because some of you didn't show up. Get that? Then act on it, and *don't shirk!*

First the Pedestrian, God help him! He's being killed off at the rate of about two a day. Over seven hundred of him in a year. Crippled, maimed, disfigured, or otherwise injured at the rate of about 50 or 60 a day — some twenty thousand or so a year. That's just in our own State. And we seem to think it's a joke! Almost as funny as bootlegging, high-jacking or graft. Wonderful sense of humor we have — what? "Get t'hell out o'there, you d — n jay-walker! Don't you know you're in the city?" Ha Ha! The joke's on the victim. On with the dance — of death! Kill off the kids and the old folks first. It's always open season on them, and they're always underfoot. Sick em! Honk! Honk! Step on it, boy!

That's one side of it.

Then there's the trolley rider — the poor boob! What rights has he? His fare has been doubled. Most of the cars running to places he wants to go have been taken off and the tracks ripped up. After he has fought and scrambled to get on to one of the few that are left, he holds onto a strap (if he can get one) he's pushed and knocked about, and hauled and mauled by the other sardines in the box, held up at every street crossing for the long lines of motors to pass, doubling the running time; then he fights his way out again to find himself half a mile, more or less, from his destination, and has to walk (weather or no) to get there, taking his life in his hands at every crossing. Gee! It's a great life — if you don't weaken! And now they want to spend another fifty million to make just that much more of it.

How long, O Lord, how long?

Well, here's where we tackle it. It needs a guy with plenty of nerve to stand up to it and take the gaff, so we've picked that veteran Suffolk Bar tender,

VICTOR J. LORING

to maintain a semblance of order while we thresh it out. He's wanted the job for years. Now he's got it, and may the Lord have mercy on him — not to mention the rest of us.

Of course there'll be experts to tell us what we ought to do, but this is Everyman's problem, so come prepared with your solution. Kick! And kick hard! And bring some kickers with you to help out. And don't fail to be there. It's going to be one of our Big Nights.

Yours for Safety Last (?)

WILLIAM F. MACY, *Secretary.*

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

“SIT CLOSER” NIGHT

BOSTON CITY CLUB

Wednesday Evening, Oct. 16, 1929

AT SIX O'CLOCK

Another Autumn rolls around, and here we are again ready, we hope, to renew the old fellowship. This will be our twenty-seventh year. Let's try and make it the best yet. We can if you'll all take hold and help. And the best way to help is to come to every meeting. If you'll do that, we'll try to do the rest.

Another “Grand Old Man” has left us since last we met. Our dearly beloved friend, Judge Raymond. No member enjoyed our meetings more than he, and he often spoke of how much the Puddingstone had meant to him. Come to this meeting and join in our tribute to him.

Then all “sit closer.” Close up the ranks and carry on. Our departed brothers would have it so, wouldn't they?

But if you must have a subject to talk about, here's a live one, red-hot, right off the griddle. Everyone has an opinion about it. Come and give it to us. We refer, of course, to the

BOSTON CENSORSHIP

We won't enlarge on it. You can do that. Let's settle this question as we have so many others. Get right down to cases and talk turkey. Rip 'em, bite 'em, tear 'em, scratch 'em!

Positively first appearance of

'ELLO HARTMAN

The near-bishop. Give him a warm welcome and bring along a guest or two to swell the attendance and make him think he's popular.

Everybody Come Now!

Yours for carrying on,

William F. Macy, Secretary.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

TARIFF NIGHT



BOSTON ARCHITECTURAL CLUB



16 SOMERSET STREET

Just Beyond Ashburton Place, Going down the Hill from City Club

(Guide furnished if wanted)

Monday Evening, Nov. 18, 1929

AT SIX O'CLOCK

Yes, fellers, we know the Tariff is a hoary chestnut; that it has been the football of politics for a hundred years; that there's nothing to be said about it that hasn't already been said, most of which 'twere better to have left unsaid; and that nobody knows anything about it anyway.

Granted. But anyone who has followed the double-dyed dampool performances of the present Congress must realize that it's high time the Puddingstone Club applied its analytical aesthematology to the solution of the problem.

But don't blame Bingham! His particular offense is old stuff. Anybody'd think it was a new stunt he'd pulled off. Ha! Ha! It is to laugh! That's the way it's been done from time immemorial. What they call "revising the tariff by its friends". Hiram was careless, that's all, and got found out. Naughty boy! The Old Guard should slap him on the wrist and send him to bed without his supper. The principle's all right, Hi, but it's a bit thick putting the revisers on the Federal pay-roll.

Well, Puddingstoners, what are we going to do about it?

We happen to know that our membership comprises every shade of opinion on this subject. We've sounded 'em out, and we find everything from the "legalized robbery" point of view to the "pork" psychology of the ultras. So take your corners, gents, and go to it. Make the fur fly!

Uncle Sam will be represented by that innocent-looking, but spunky little cuss,

ROBIE G. FRYE

Deputy Collector of Customs for the Port of Boston, who will referee the scrap. And he has asked his Big Boss, Double-Doubleyou Lufkin, to come and back him up. Here's hoping. But don't let 'em bluff you. Course they want to hold their jobs, so they are not exactly unprejudiced.

We rely on Jim Head and Billie Fitz to tell 'em where they get off, and Bill Gifford and Nat Perkins will furnish a comeback, we hope. Then it's up to the theorists, Carroll Doten, Bill Baldwin, and the other alleged intellectuals, to set us right on the real scientific dope.

After that, the deluge!

Bring some guy with you who thinks he knows something about the subject, and turn him loose.

Note carefully change of date and place of this meeting — **Monday the 18th**, at the Architectural Joint. We want to give the members who are tied up the second Wednesday in the month a chance to be with us once in a while, and those who object to the smoke won't be bothered, as the room is large and the ceiling high.

Our first meeting was a corker; Keep it up.

Yours, for timely subjects,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

CHRISTMAS PARTY

At the TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB 3 Joy St.

(Note the Place, XX C.C.)

Tuesday Evening, December 17, 1929

(Get the Date — Tuesday, 17th)

AT SIX SHARP

(Nail the Hour, 6)

Christmas comes but once a year,
But when it comes it brings good cheer.

Let this be the keynote. Puddingstoners can make good cheer without extraneous excitement. Prove it. Come and tell us what Christmas means to you. Five minutes to do it in. No more. That's enough. Too much for some. A verse, a song, a recitation or a good thought. Make some contribution.

There'll be a Christmas Tree n' everything. And bring a present — nothing to cost over a quarter. Drop in at Woolworth's, Kresge's or Where You Bot the Hat, and pick up some trifle. Don't shirk this! It's part of the show. If you come empty-handed, it'll cost you just one dollar — for the contingent fund. So co-operate and save seventy-five cents.

Wrap your gift "blind," so it cannot be identified.

Santa Claus Pope will hand 'em out at 9 o'clock.

If you bring a guest (and we hope you will) tell him to bring a present, or bring one for him, so no one will be left out in the cold.

Such a meeting as this needs a Regular Guy to run it, so we've asked

RICHARDSON

the fellow with the wrong font voice to do the trick. Treat him gently. Don't guy the guy. He means well, and he can't help being one. It was wished on him.

Make this a Grand Dress Rehearsal for the weeks to follow, and get yourself into the spirit of the Holiday Season.

Yours for a Christmas High Jinks,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

The Secretary expects to be "elsewhere" for much of the coming winter, so the following-named nine men are going to try and fill his place for the next three meetings. This is their notification, so you know it as soon as they do.

JANUARY — Jenkins, Whiting, Waterman. (This ought to be good.)

FEBRUARY — Head, Gifford, Hayes. (Don't expect too much.)

MARCH — Fitzgerald, Sullivan, McCarthy. (Get ready to climb a tree.)

Bill Burdett, Sec. Pro Tem.

SPECIAL NOTICE. A memorial service to our late beloved brother and fellow-member, Judge Raymond, will be held at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Newton Centre, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, on Sunday, Dec 15th. Please go if you can, and make the Puddingstone representation a worthy one. Car owners please co-operate on transportation.

Read the Place, Date and Time Once More, and Get it Straight.



PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

GROUCH NIGHT

At the TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB, 3 Joy Street
Tuesday Evening, January 14, 1930

(where you bot the dinner last month)

AT SIX O'CLOCK

We are starting the New Year right. Bill Macy is to be away for a couple of months and for once in a long while we have a live topic for discussion.

Every mother's son of you has at least one grouch. Some are probably ingrowing and should be extracted, or at least have the nerve killed; other grouches may be superficial and yield easily to treatment. After all, it may be only an

INFERIORITY COMPLEX

which can be cured by merely exposing it to hot air.

Each member is expected to present for diagnosis and treatment at least one grouch of decent size.

JENKINS
WHITING
WATERMAN } *will preside*

This unusual arrangement simply means that the above named appointed by Macy to arrange a programme were all so eager to preside at this

EXCEPTIONAL MEETING

that they could not agree on a Chairman.

Let's see who gets the gavel. Perhaps there will be an opportunity to witness the beginning of new grouches to which we can give first aid.

N. B. Make this a bigger, better and busier meeting by inviting a grouch as your guest. The slogan for this meeting has been changed from "Sit closer friends" to one more appropriate to the New Year—

"SPREAD OUT A BIT"

WILLIAM F. BURDETT,
Secretary Pro Tem.



PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

The rose is red, the violet blue,
The sea's "all wet"
And so are you

From the collected works of
Nixon Waterman.

Permit your

HEART

the novelty of a few extra

THROBS

by attending and taking an active part in the

ST. VALENTINE'S NIGHT

at the

TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB

3 JOY STREET

Tuesday Evening, February 11, 1930

AT SIX O'CLOCK

That Sweet Singer

CHARLES EDGAR ALLEN, LL. B.

who has been inveigled into presiding, will appear in appropriate costume
(for this night only)

in the role of

C U P I D

At our last meeting you were given an opportunity to work off any spleen lingering in your systems and display your grouches. This Valentine's night should be something else yet again.

A LOVE FEAST

Here will be given an opportunity to tell, in verse or prose, or prepared extemporaneous speech, how much you love your fellow members individually or collectively. If you desire to remain anonymous, effusions may be handed to

A L L E N

This scheme offers a great opportunity, if you desire to tell someone, without undue risk, what you really think of him.

In keeping with the subject, perhaps some of the old timers will tell of the days of real valentines, both lace and comic, when a buggy ride was a real treat, theatre tickets a dollar, and when a box of peppermints had substantial courting value.

Come one, come all

Lay Bare Your Life's Secrets
and

Bring a Guest.

WILLIAM F. BURDETT,

Secretary Pro Tem.

STOP — PRESS. Through the courtesy of the Pathe News, Lloyd Hayes will give an advance showing of his motion picture films (silent) of the Puddingstone Outing last summer.

Incidental music from the "Symphonie Pathetique."

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB
TERCENTENARY NIGHT

AT THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY CLUB
THREE JOY STREET

Tuesday Evening, April 8, 1930
At Six o'clock sharp

Our bookish member
HERBERT F. JENKINS
will preside

It may be a

RUM

thing to say, but all this Tercentenary business which has been talked about for so long seems to have lacked

PUNCH

The Puddingstone Club should have been consulted when the subject first came under discussion, but it is not yet too late for us to point the way to make the celebration a success. All that is necessary is to pass along our suggestions to the committees in charge.

So come prepared to contribute your suggestions and opinions as to what may insure the success of the coming observances of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Those who are familiar with various proposals and plans now being considered should be ready to offer some helpful criticism and new ideas. We expect to have with us several guests who know how Tercentenaries happen, why and when, and what should be done about them. They can speak with knowledge and authority in regard to the history of the past and plans for the future.

Just to start the ball rolling!

What was the difference between the Puritan and the Pilgrim?
Were the Puritans 100% pure?
What were the Blue Laws?
Were they as blue as they have been painted?
Should there be a permanent memorial?
If so, what form should it take?
What local pageants are being planned?
How can we best entertain our visitors this summer?

NOW ROLL YOUR OWN

Bring along a guest, some one who is interested in the subject, from whom we can learn, or who may learn from us.

WILLIAM F. BURDETT,
Secretary pro tem.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

ANNUAL OUTING

AT BABSON PARK
Wellesley Hills

Saturday, June 7th, 1930

FROM 12 M. to 5 P. M.

A Special Committee was appointed to make all arrangements for this event. Herb Jenkins, the Bookmaker, was made chairman—not that we thought he'd do anything, but somebody had to start things. The other members (alphabetically named to avoid hard feelings) are

Rufe Chambers and Harry Grigor, a couple of New Guys on the Tryout; Lloyd Hayes, Third Assistant Janitor of the Boston City Club, Jimmie Howard, Official Strawberry Buyer; Guy Richardson, of Our Dumb Animals; Freddie Rust, the Greeting Gusher, and Doc. Tupper, the Foreign Devil.

Looks like talent, what? But after being in labor for six weeks, here's what they have brought forth for a

PROGRAM

12 to 1. **Gambling and Gambling on the Green. Sports and Athletic Stunts for the Young and the Near Young. Heavy Looking On for the Have Beens. Bow'n'arrer Shooting for All, with Prizes.**

(Come Prepared to Draw the Long Bow).

NOTE: This is the only chance for social intercourse, so be there at 12 sharp and be a mixer.

1 to 2. **The EATS not to mention the DRINKS.**

2 to 5. **Program in Preparation. Volunteers Requested. All the Old Stars in All their Old Stunts, with a Few New Ones.**

The following headliners have already been booked:

PUCK STIDGER

in his Original Monologue of Bewildered Wind entitled

"What Fools We Clergy Be"

Bring your dear pastor. Stidger will put him wise and make him see himself as others see him.

NIXON and DENIS

The Old-Time Favorites and Veterans of a Hundred Forensic Fights, in a Battle Royal for the Puddingstone Championship. No Poetry in this, but the Real Thing with Fisticuffs. Sixteen Rounds to a Finish, Marquis of Loganberry Rules, Catch as Catch Can, and t'hell with the Loser.

Hands off, Gents, and Let 'em Settle it!

Other Events, Even Worse Hoped For

Come One, Come All! Bring as many he-man guests as you like, and if any of 'em can do a good stunt, let us know. We'll give him a chance.

THE ANTE IS ONE FIFTY

But don't forget the small change. Our fakirs will separate you from it painlessly. The Outing has to be self-supporting. There are incidental expenses and our Tightwad Treasurer won't loosen up.

And Don't Forget to Mail the Reply Postal!

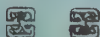
(No Reply, No Eats)

Positively no postponement, rain or shine, weather or no.

Yours, disclaiming all responsibility,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

WHO'S WHICH
IN THE
PUDDINGSTONE CLUB
AND
WHY



1930

Who's Which
in the
Puddingstone Club
and
Why

1930

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WHO'S WHICH AND WHY (Whether or No)

Again we have used our best judgment as to how much or how little to print of the copy our members have sent in for this booklet. Where all are so famous, or infamous, as the case may be, it is no easy task to condense half-page autobiographies into paragraphs. But printing costs money, which is the one thing this Club has about everything else but.

Our only purpose has been to maintain some reasonable uniformity throughout, while giving some general idea of each member's job, principal interests, and where he can be reached by his friends, his creditors, or the sheriff.

Our job was wished on us in January, 1920, so we are just completing a ten years' sentence. If others have had half as much fun out of it as we have, we are satisfied and have no kick coming; but we respectfully suggest that, though the first ten years are the hardest, an occasional change may prove as welcome to the members as to us, and we propose to act on this thought as opportunity offers. So cheer up! The worst is yet to come!

Affectionately,

THE SECRETARY.

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*Honorary Member.

NECROLOGY

Our list of the good men who have gone grows apace. All honor to them. Let us cherish their memory.

Charles Follen Adams, Poet.

Charles H.² Ames, Publisher.

Gen. Edward Anderson, Author, Lecturer.

Frederick W. Bancroft, Musician.

John M. Barker, Clergyman.

Sylvester Baxter, Journalist.

William F. Berry, Librarian.

Edwin C. Bolles, Clergyman, Historian.

Charles A. Burdett, Business College.

Edward H. Clement, Editor.

Edward Cummings, Clergyman.

Samuel S. Curry, Teacher of Expression.

Joshua M. Dill, Schoolmaster.

Alexander Dodds, Journalist.

Amos E. Dolbear, Scientist, Inventor.

Charles F. Dole, Clergyman.

David A. Ellis, Lawyer.

John J. Enneking, Artist.

Arthur C. Farley, Merchant.

William T. Farley, Merchant.

Oliver M. Fisher, Manufacturer.

Sam Walter Foss, Poet, Librarian.

Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr., Advertising,
Author.

Frank Foxcroft, Editor.

George M. Harmon, Clergyman, Professor
Theology.

Edward M. Hartwell, Physician, Stat-
istician.

Fred L. Howard, Merchant.

Herbert B. Howard, Physician.

Samuel F. Hubbard, Superintendent North
End Union.

Wellington P. Kidder, Engineer, Inventor.

George T. Knight, Professor Theology.

George H. Martin, Educator.

George Perry Morris, Editor.

James P. Munroe, Manufacturer.
Willard A. Paul, Physician.
George L. Perin, Clergyman.
Robert F. Raymond, Lawyer, Judge.
Colin A. Scott, College Professor.
George S. Smith, Business Man.
Louis C. Southard, Lawyer.
George A. Stiles, Dentist, Musician.
Vernon B. Swett, Insurance.
Addison L. Winship, Bank Officer.

“SIT CLOSER, FRIENDS”



PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

ALLEN and FRYE NIGHT

(Johnkay)

(Robigee)

(Some night)

BOSTON CITY CLUB

(Back at the Old Stand)

Wednesday, November 12, 1930

AT SIX O'CLOCK

We told you last month that we could not do justice to our job this year, and we advertised for bids. These two guys being the highest bidders, each for the same amount, we decided to divide the prize and let 'em work together. We told 'em to "roll their own" as to place, date and subject, and this is what they offer us. They've chosen the livest topic of the day.

UNEMPLOYMENT

Don't expect us to be jocose on this subject. It's too darn serious. Three or four million willing workers can't find a job. Thousands are starving in the midst of plenty. Something's the matter somewhere. What'll we do about it? It's up to the Puddingstone to contribute its bit to the solution. We've settled so many questions this ought to be easy. Bring your plan and spring it.

One or two alleged experts have been invited and they will start the ball rolling. After that the deluge. Get into the game and give us your red-hot thoughts.

Johnkay and Robigee were still scrapping at last accounts for the privilege of presiding. We don't know how it's coming out. They may have to compromise on an outsider. Here's hoping.

GUESTS wanted. We mean this. You are not using your guest privilege. For the love o' Mike bring a guest! We need a change from the old bunch. They've told us all they know and then some. Please blow yourselves to the price of an extra dinner and shoot in some new blood. It's our only hope. And remember, the Puddingstone Club comes first, so don't make any other engagement for the 12th. It's **your** club. Show your loyalty to it by coming.

Yours for the jobless,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

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Yours for the jobless,

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

PUDDINGSTONE CLUB

"SIT CLOSER, FRIENDS"

2357 N. 116

Fellow-Puddingstoners:

We take it for granted that few if any of us will, at our next meeting, feel just in the mood for the usual persiflage and hilarity. For that reason we have thought it best to change the program a little. But we know that our brothers who have gone would be the first to want us to "carry on" and to keep the old Club going. None enjoyed it more than they did, and none were more loyal to it or more faithful in their attendance at its meetings when circumstances permitted.

Our hearts are heavy, but our memories are very precious, and we realize with special force at such times as this that the friendship and good fellowship which exists in such an organization as ours is one of the most blessed and most-to-be-cherished privileges vouchsafed to us here. Each one of us is a better man for having known good fellows who have lived clean, unselfish lives, and such experiences should serve only to draw us closer together in the bonds of friendship.

This year of our twenty-fifth anniversary has witnessed the passing of three of our Grand Old Men,

CHARLES F. DOLE, JOHN M. BARKER and SAMUEL F. HUBBARD

We shall never look upon their like again.

Each was a **Man**.

And yet, how different they were!

In religious, political and social viewpoints it would be hard to find three men who differed more widely. Yet each kept the same goal in sight, even though they approached it by such different roads, and each, according to his lights, was doing the Master's work. Each was "a friend to man", and each had in a high degree the saving sense of humor—which was what made them all such good Puddingstoners. But the one thing above all else which they possessed in common, for which we loved and respected them, was that intangible but unmistakable thing which we call

CHARACTER

So, friends, let's make this "Character Night". Let's get together once more this year, and discuss that thing. Let's see what it is that these men had which is worth recognizing and striving for.

We needn't be too solemn about it either. We don't want any Puddingstone meeting—least of all this one—to be mournful or lugubrious. We are sure that those whose memory we honor would not want that. We are asking a few of the members who knew them best to tell us what these men meant to them. Then we want each one present to testify as he may react to the subject and the occasion.

Please come if you can. Let's have a big, warm, friendly meeting, and renew our vows of good fellowship. Bring a guest if you can.

The Date—Wednesday, April 11, 1928. Time, 6 P. M.

The Place—Architectural Club, 16 Somerset Street

The Chairman—Hon. Robert F. Raymond.

"A thousand cults and a thousand creeds—
Is one a rose and the rest but weeds?
Or is each one fitted to meet **some** needs?
Is your own so great that the rest seem small?
Then keep it and live it—that's all!"

WILLIAM F. MACY, Secretary.

